



NO. 6 00028
JAN. 75/CDC

ALL NEW



ELMAN



00028

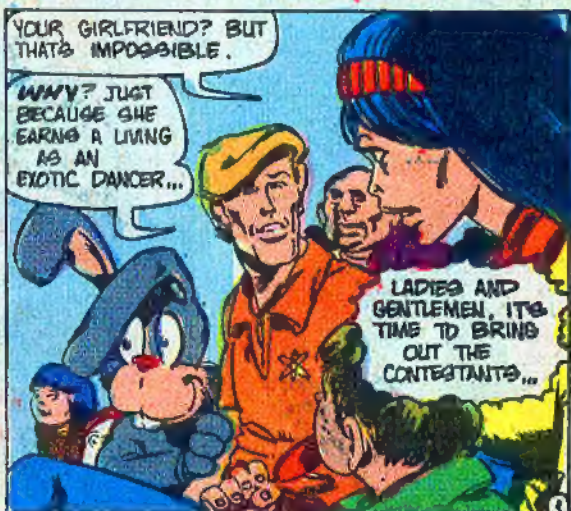
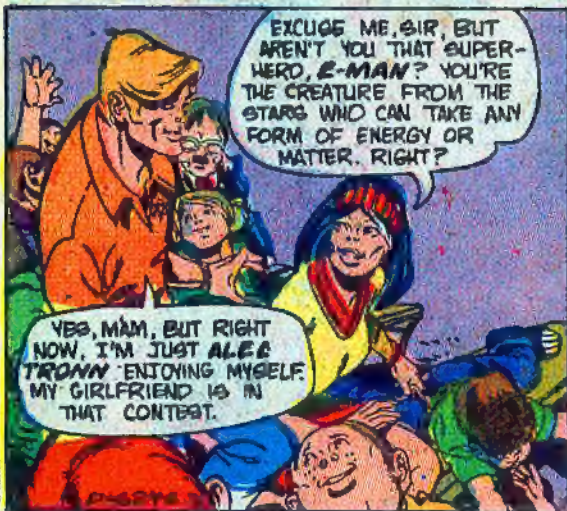
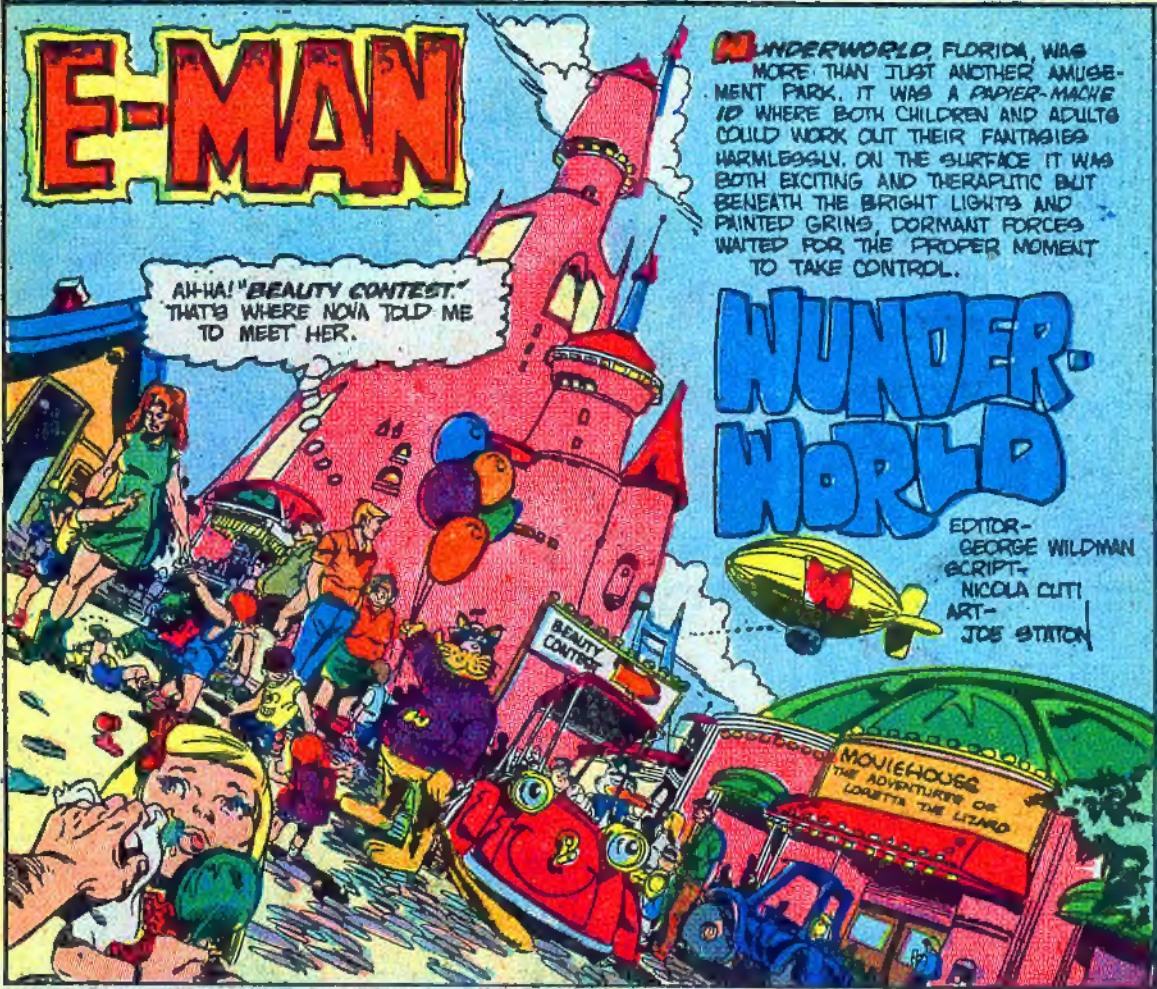
E-MAN

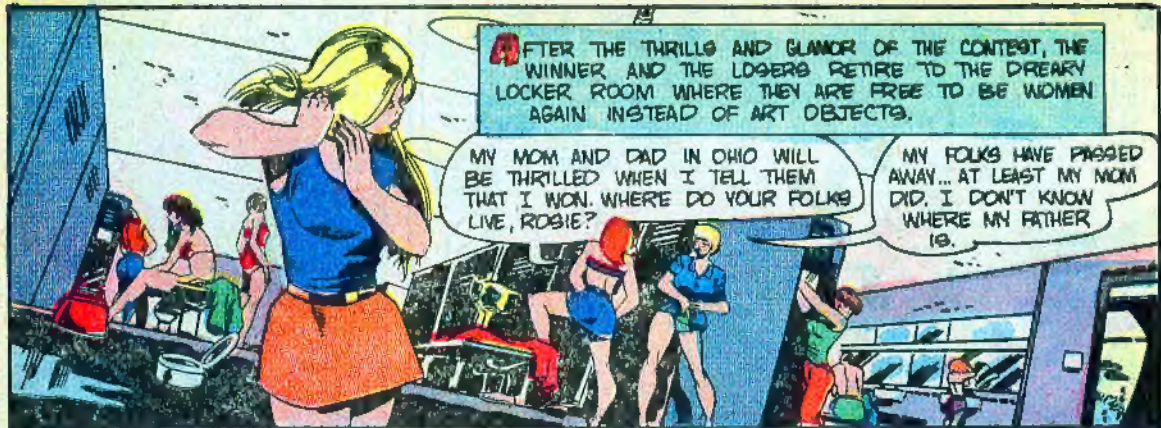
AH-HA! "BEAUTY CONTEST."
THAT'S WHERE NOVA TOLD ME
TO MEET HER.

UNDERWORLD FLORIDA, WAS
MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER AMUSE-
MENT PARK. IT WAS A PAPER-MACHE
ID WHERE BOTH CHILDREN AND ADULTS
COULD WORK OUT THEIR FANTASIES
HARMLESSLY. ON THE SURFACE IT WAS
BOTH EXCITING AND THERAPUTIC BUT
BENEATH THE BRIGHT LIGHTS AND
PAINTED GRINS, DORMANT FORCES
WAITED FOR THE PROPER MOMENT
TO TAKE CONTROL.

UNDER- WORLD

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JOE STATCH

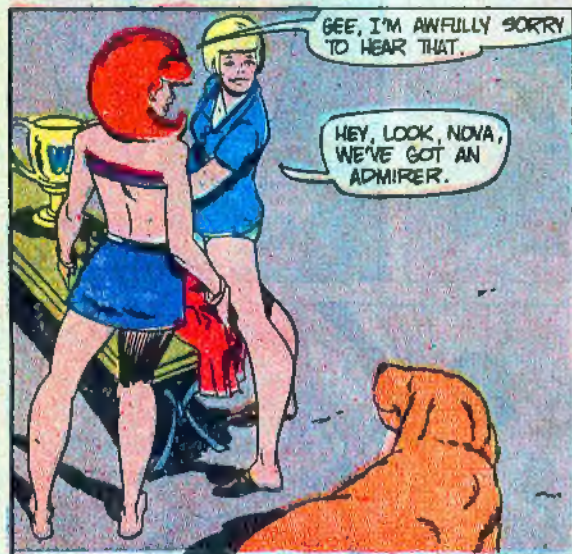




AFTER THE THRILLS AND GLAMOR OF THE CONTEST, THE WINNER AND THE LOSERS RETIRE TO THE DREARY LOCKER ROOM WHERE THEY ARE FREE TO BE WOMEN AGAIN INSTEAD OF ART OBJECTS.

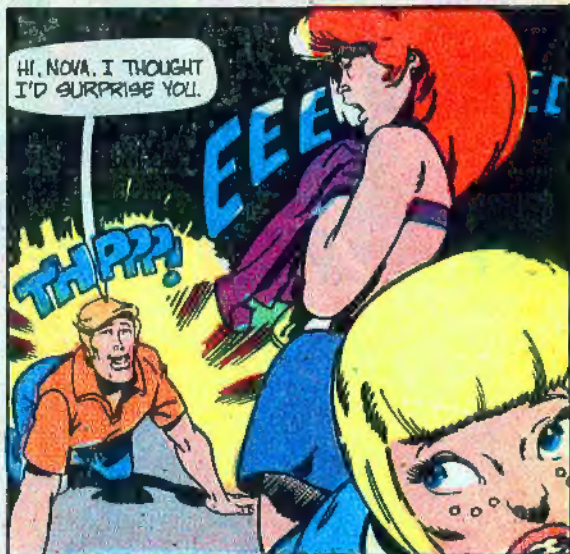
MY MOM AND DAD IN OHIO WILL BE THRILLED WHEN I TELL THEM THAT I WON. WHERE DO YOUR FOLKS LIVE, ROBIE?

MY FOLKS HAVE PASSED AWAY... AT LEAST MY MOM DID. I DON'T KNOW WHERE MY FATHER IS.



GEE, I'M AWFULLY SORRY TO HEAR THAT.

HEY, LOOK, NOVA, WE'VE GOT AN ADMIRER.



HI, NOVA. I THOUGHT I'D SURPRISE YOU.



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF COMING INTO THE GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM WHEN I'M PRACTICALLY NAKED! YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!

BUT... BUT... BUT... BEE....



HONESTLY, I THINK THAT MAN HAS THE EMOTIONAL SENSE OF A FIVE-YEAR-OLD.

AW, DON'T BE MAD AT HIM. HE DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING BY IT.

I DON'T GET IT. NOVA WORE LESS THAN THAT FOR THE BEAUTY CONTEST.

OUTSIDE A PUZZLED ALEC FINDS THAT ALL IS FORGIVEN.

COME ON, PEEPING TOM, LET'S GO AND ENJOY WUNDERLAND.

MS. KANE...

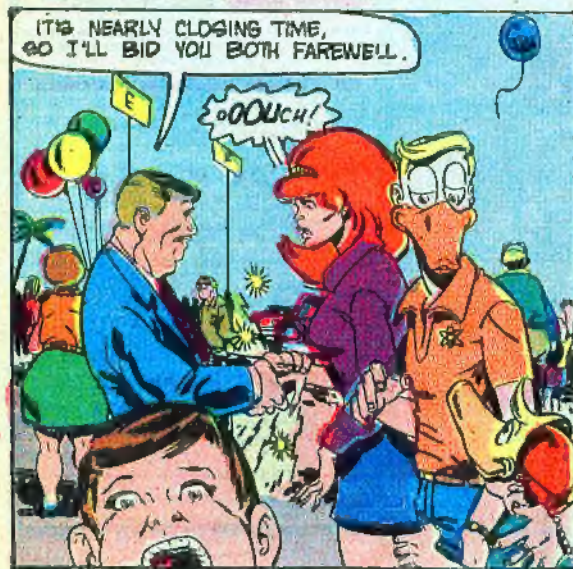
I'M THE OWNER OF THIS PARK AND THE ONES IN CALIFORNIA AND NEBRASKA. I'M **WILLIAM WUNDER**. A PART OF YOUR WINNINGS WAS A FREE GUIDED TOUR THROUGH WUNDERWORLD FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR BOYFRIEND... GUIDED BY ME.

THAT SOUNDS GREAT. THIS IS ALEC TRONN.

BOTH OF YOU, PLEASE CALL ME **WILL** AND ALLOW ONE OF MY HELPERS TO SEND THIS TO YOU. WE'LL BEGIN OUR TOUR IN **IDEALLAND**.

HERE PEOPLE ARE FREE TO PURSUE THE HIGHEST **IDEALS** OF CIVILIZATION... ART, WRITING, PHILOSOPHY, OR JUST TO GO FOR A SWIM IN THE OLD WATER HOLE.

AND THIS IS A **CHILD'S** IDEA OF PARADISE. THE NEXT SECTION OF WUNDERWORLD IS CALLED **PLEASURELAND**.





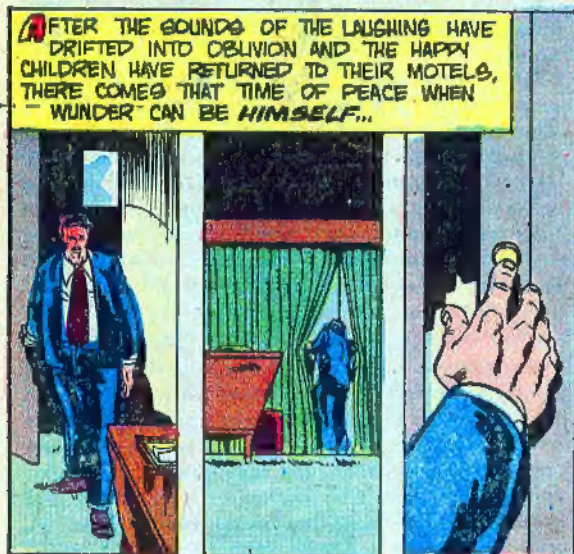
DID YOU NOTICE, ALEC, THAT WUNDER DIDN'T SEEM TO BE **BREATHING**?

SEE, NOVA, I DON'T USUALLY NOTICE THINGS LIKE THAT ABOUT PEOPLE. I JUST ASSUMED THAT EVERYONE BREATHED.



HE DOESN'T! INSTEAD OF GOING UH-HUH...UH-HUH... WUNDER GOES CLICK-WHIRR...CLICK-WHIRR...AND THAT **SHOCK** I GOT FROM HIM WAS TOO POWERFUL TO BE FROM STATIC ELECTRICITY!

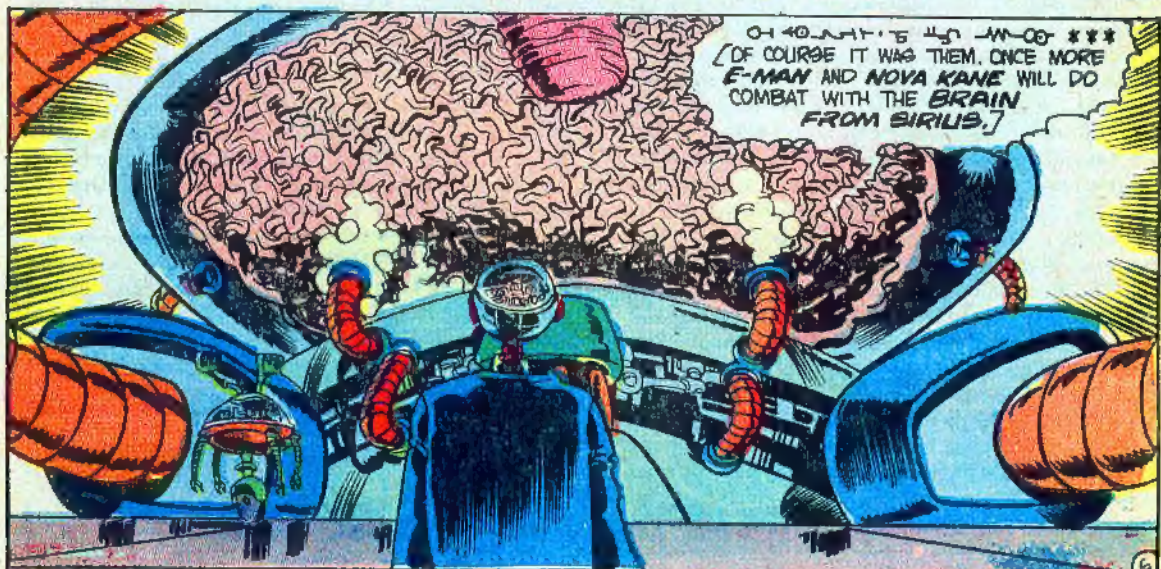
IT SOUNDS AS IF YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME THAT WILLIAM WUNDER IS AS MECHANICAL AS THOSE WEREWOLVES AND VAMPIRES IN FEARLAND!



AFTER THE SOUNDS OF THE LAUGHING HAVE DRIFTED INTO REBURN AND THE HAPPY CHILDREN HAVE RETURNED TO THEIR MOTELS, THERE COMES THAT TIME OF PEACE WHEN - WUNDER CAN BE **HIMSELF**...



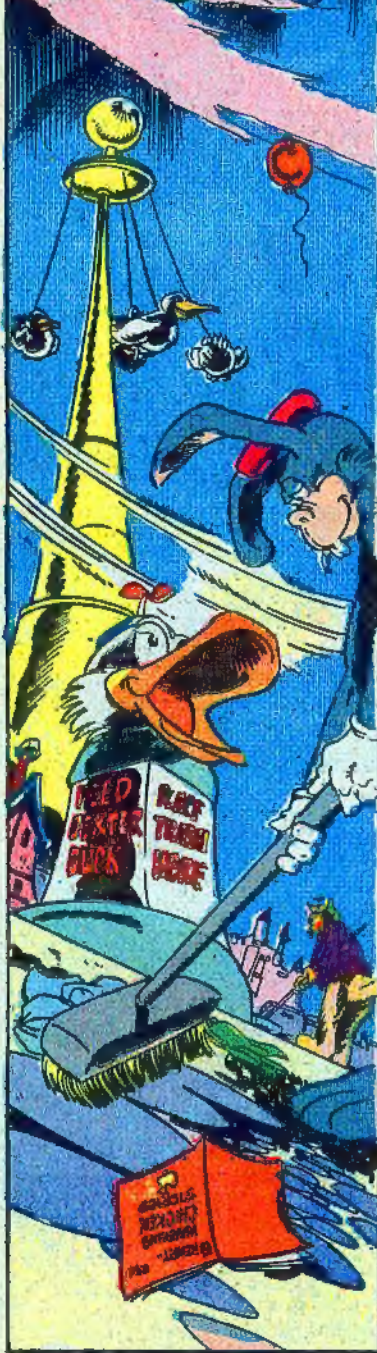
OMG! IT WAS THEM, MASTER, JUST AS YOU HAD SUSPECTED.



OF COURSE IT WAS THEM. ONCE MORE E-MAN AND NOVA KANE WILL DO COMBAT WITH THE **BRAIN** FROM SIRIUS.

MIDNIGHT. A COOL FLORIDA BREEZE BLOWS THROUGH THE DESERTED WALKWAYS WHERE ONLY THE GHOSTS OF MEMORIES PLAY.

PART TWO



BUT EVEN THE GHOSTS ARE NOT SAFE FROM INTRUDERS.

I THOUGHT THOSE SWEEPERS WOULD NEVER LEAVE.



THIS PLACE IS SPOOKY LATE AT NIGHT. I WISH E-MAN HAD DECIDED TO COME ALONG WITH ME.

OUGH!

I DID.



YOU COULD HAVE TOLD ME THAT IT WAS YOU.

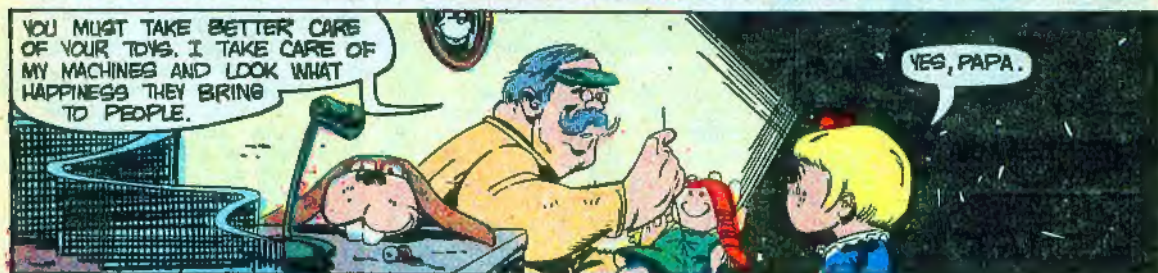
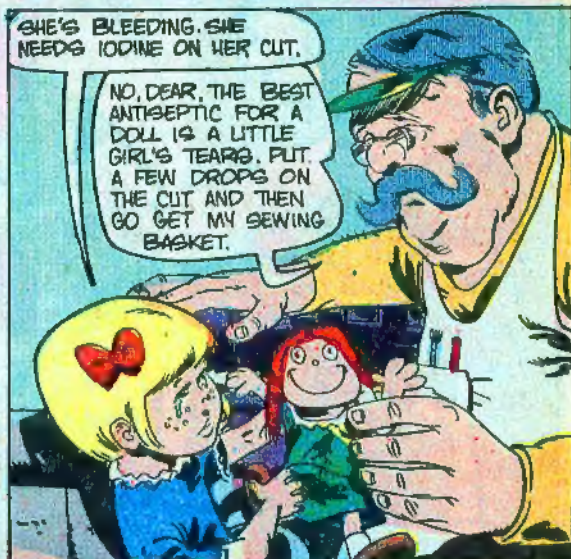
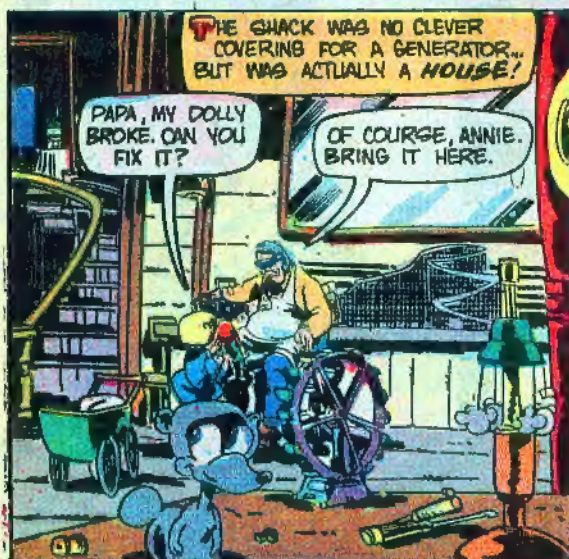
I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO BE SELF-CONSCIOUS. OKAY, SO WHERE DO WE START?



WUNDER BECAME VERY NERVOUS WHEN YOU MENTIONED THAT SWAMP SHANTY IN FEARLAND. LET'S FIND OUT WHY.

IT WAS PROBABLY HIS WAY OF COVERING UP THE FACT THAT I LOCATED A GENERATOR OR CONTROL ROOM IN DISGUISE, BUT WE MIGHT AS WELL CHECK IT OUT.





I AM CALLED THE **TOYMAN** AND I USED TO BE A TOY AND CLOCK MAKER UNTIL I MET WILLIAM WUNDER. WE FORMED A PARTNERSHIP AND BUILT WUNDERWORLD. I DESIGNED THE RIDES AND HE DID THE PROMOTION.

I'LL BET HAVING THIS PLACE IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS EXHIBITION WAS YOUR IDEA.

RIGHT. EVERYTHING WAS GOING WELL UNTIL LAST YEAR WHEN POOR WILLIE DIED FROM A HEART ATTACK.

E-MAN, THAT MEANS WUNDER WAS A ROBOT.

YES, A **ROBOT**. NOT AN AUTOMATON. ONLY ONE CREATURE ON EARTH IS CAPABLE OF BUILDING SO COMPLEX A DEVICE... THE **BRAIN!**

TOYMAN, I'M GOING TO THE MAIN OFFICE. I'LL LEAVE NOVA HERE WITH YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER, ALRIGHT?

SURE.

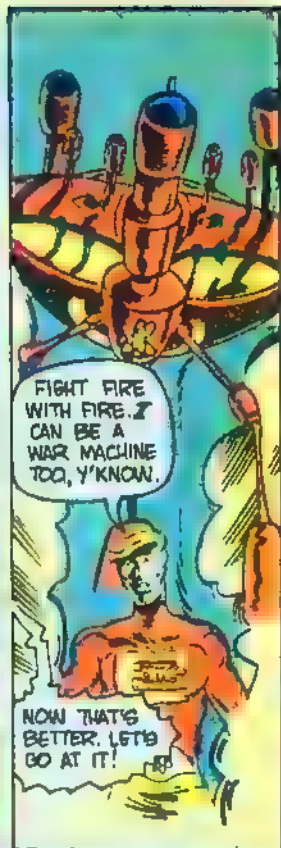
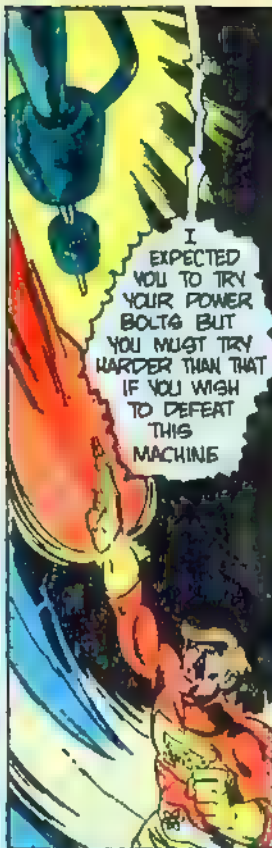
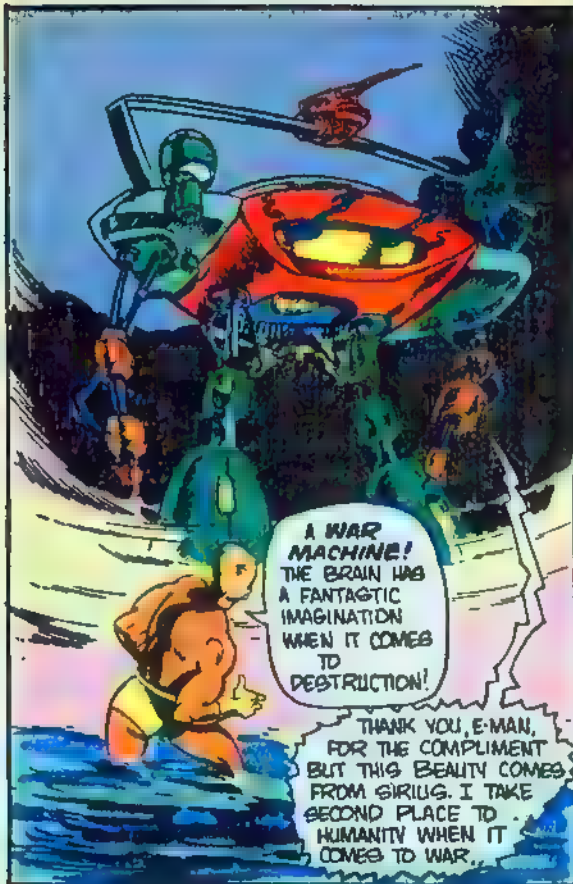
BE CAREFUL.

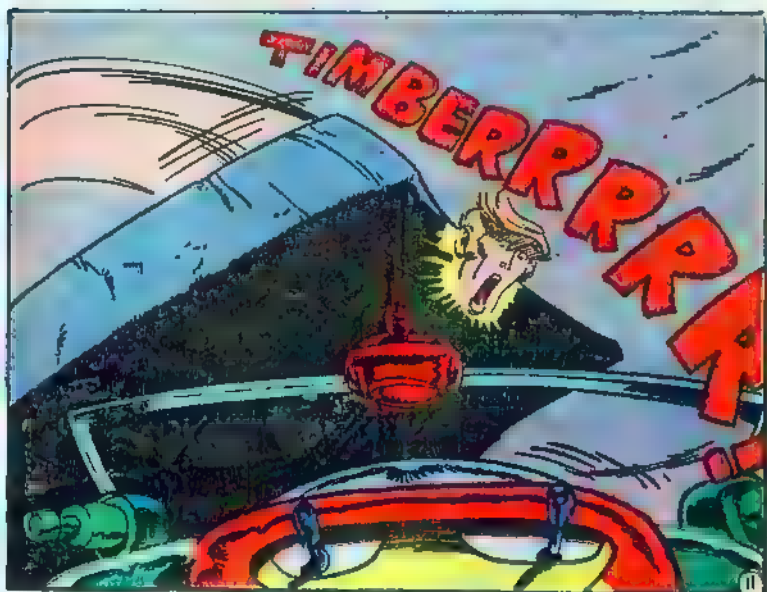
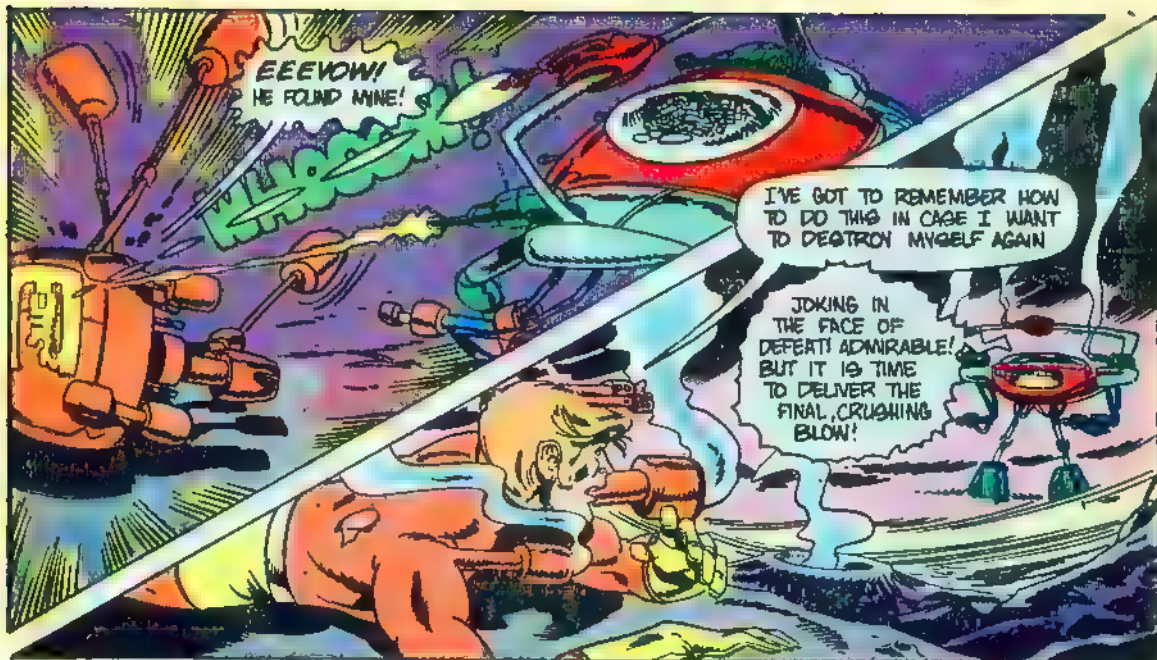
NOW AWARE THAT THE **BRAIN** MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE, E-MAN MOVED WITH NEW-FOUND CAUTION.

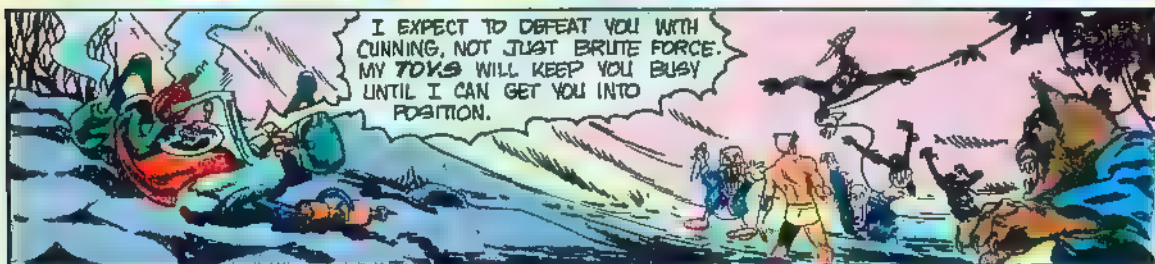
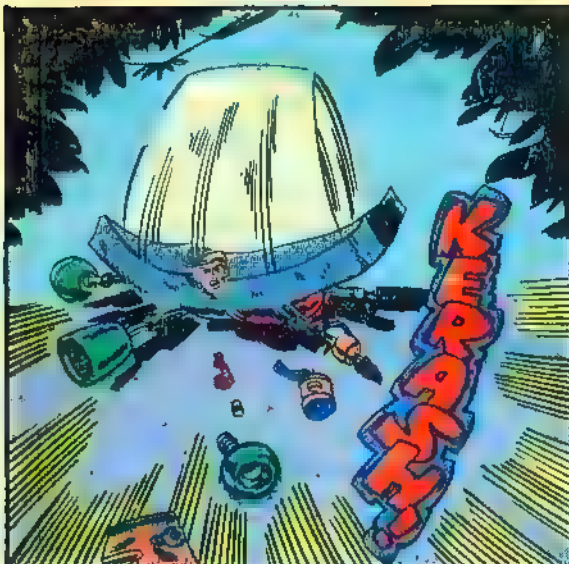
I'M NEARLY THROUGH THE SWAMPS WITH NO TROUBLE, SO MAYBE HE DOESN'T..

OH YEAH, HE DOES!

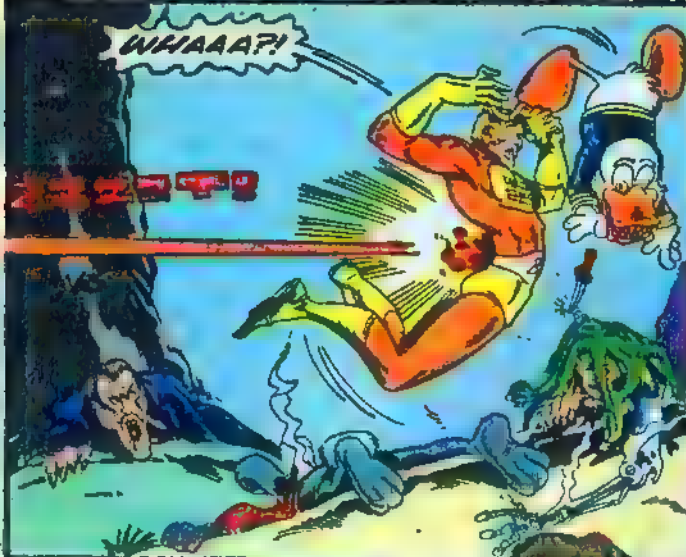
THE **BRAIN** MUST KNOW I'M HERE, SO I'D BETTER BE READY FOR AN ATTACK FROM HIS ROBOTS.





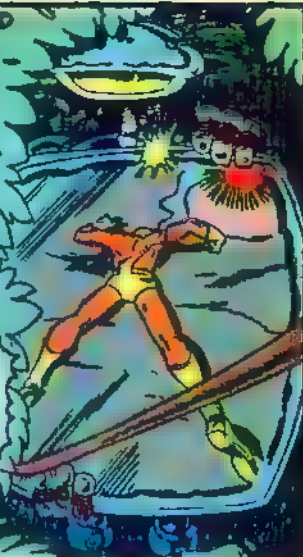


WHIAAAP!



RUNNING WID
DEFEATED
THE ENERGY
MAN. IT WAS
HIS OWN
POWER BOLT
THAT HAD
STRUCK HIM
DOWN... THE
POWER
REFLECTED
FROM A
MIRROR!

YOU TRIED
TO DESTROY
YOUR OWN
IMAGE! HAI!
NAHAHAHA!



DESPITE E-MAN'S DEFEAT, THE
BRAIN WILL NOT BE CONTENT
UNTIL BOTH OF HIS ENEMIES ARE
DEFEATED.

"AND YOU NEVER
SAW WHO YOUR
PARTNER SOLD
HIS SHARE TO?"

I RECEIVED ALL
OF MY INSTRUCTIONS
FROM HIM BY
PHONE.

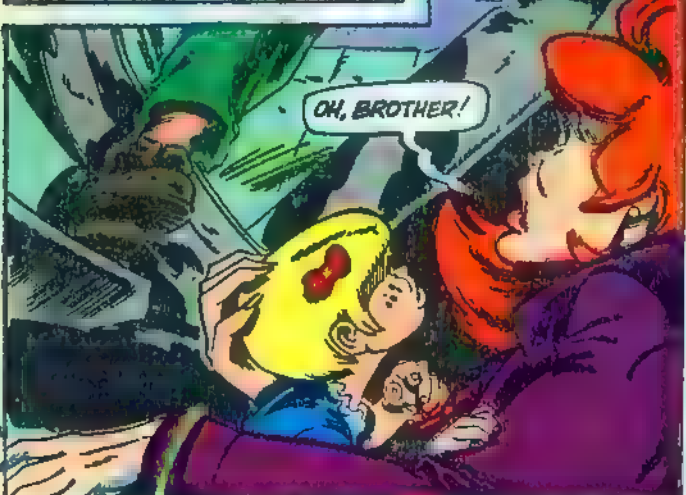
WILL I BE
AS PRETTY
AS YOU WHEN
I GROW UP?



THE BRAIN
WANTS YOU!!!

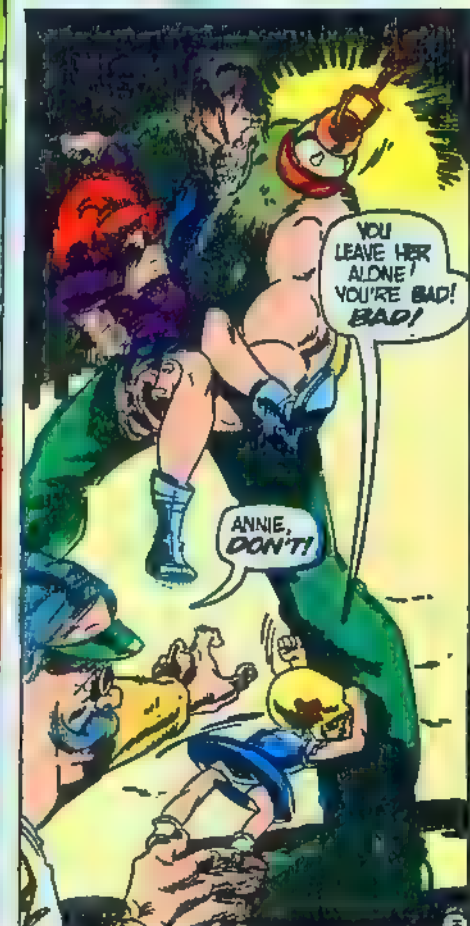


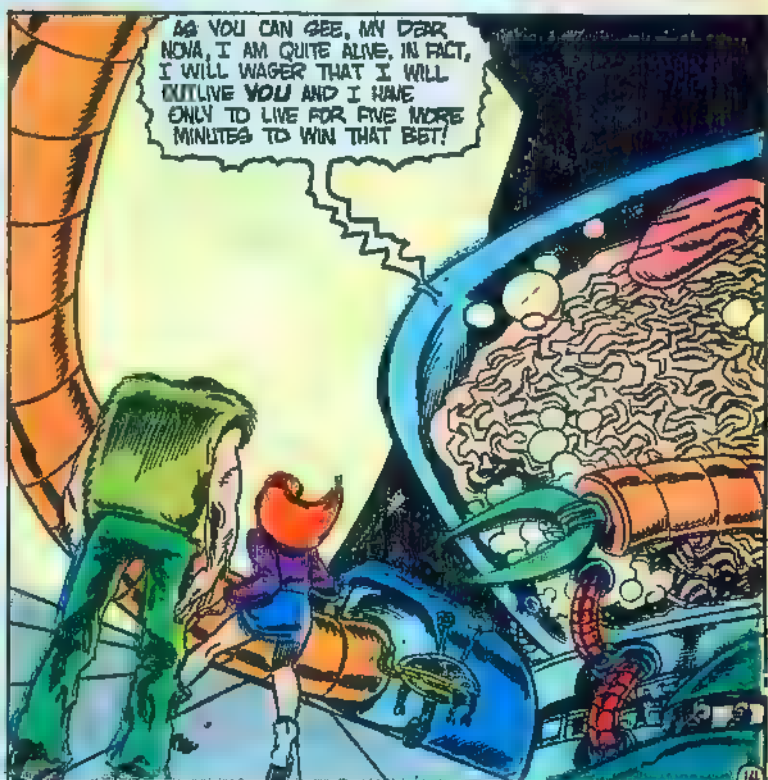
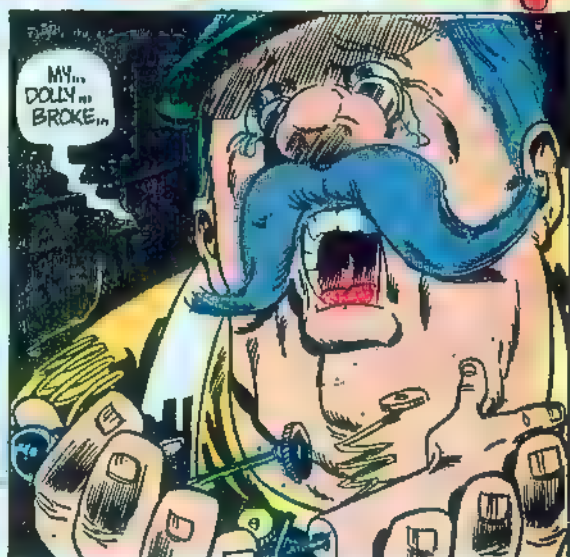
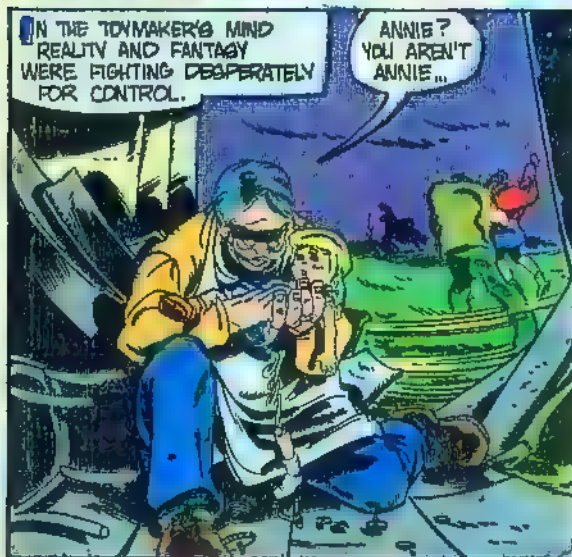
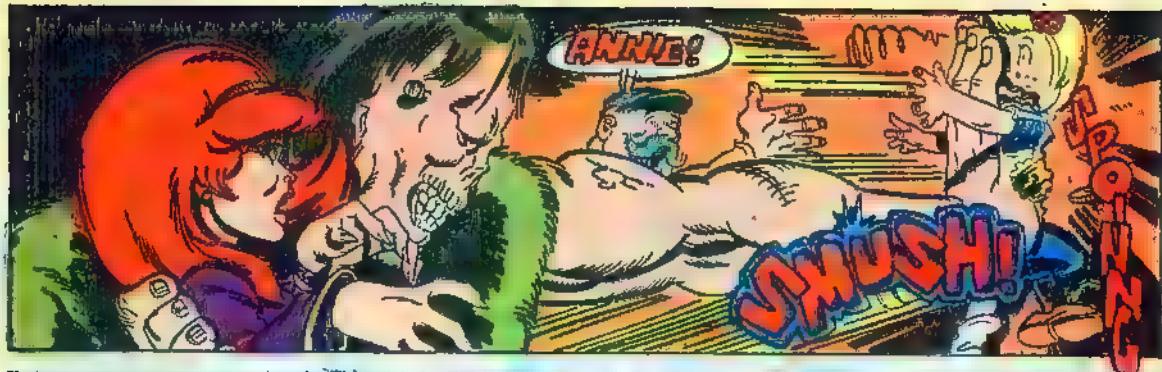
OH, BROTHER!



YOU
LEAVE HER
ALONE!
YOU'RE BAD!
BAD!

ANNIE,
DON'T!

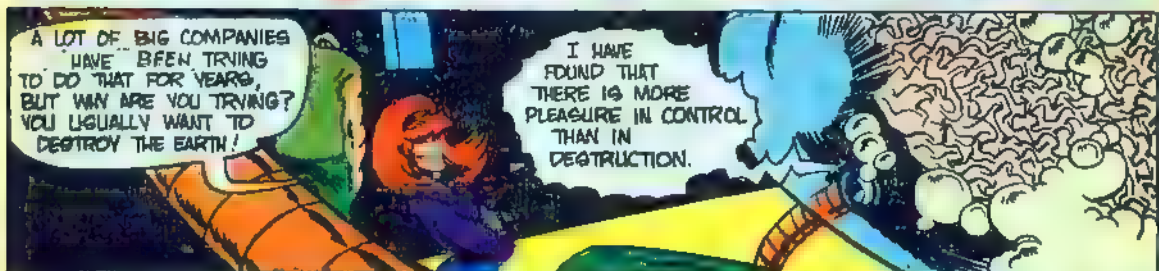






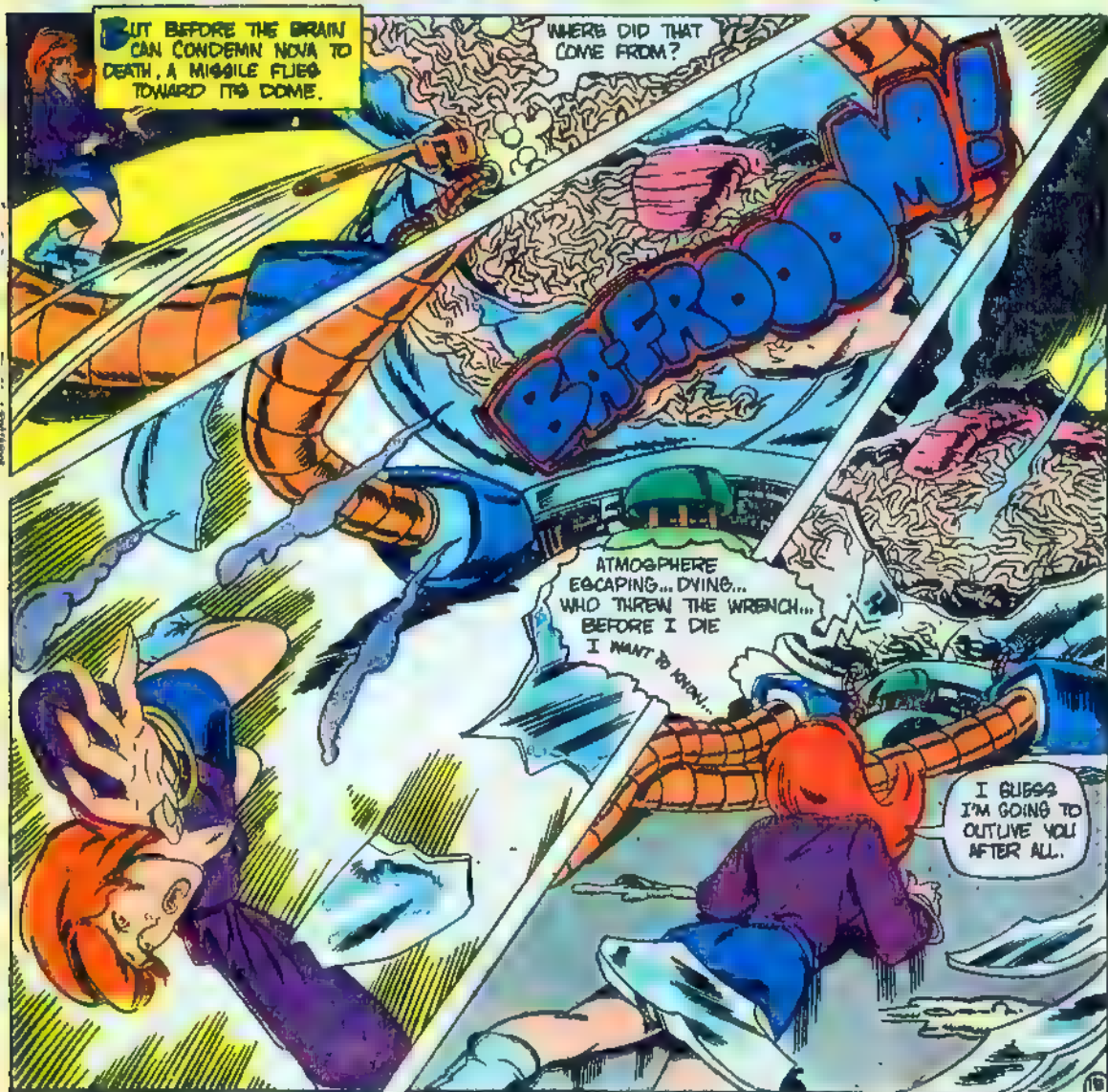
BEFORE YOU DO AWAY
WITH ME, WOULD YOU
PLEASE TELL ME
WHY YOU TOOK OVER,
OF ALL THINGS... AN
AMUSEMENT
PARK!

AS YOU KNOW, I HAVE
THREE AMUSEMENT PARKS...
ONE IN CALIFORNIA, ONE IN
NEBRASKA, AND THIS ONE IN
FLORIDA. I HAVE PLANS FOR
MORE AND WITHIN TEN YEARS
I HAD PLANNED TO CONVERT
THE ENTIRE UNITED
STATES INTO AN
AMUSEMENT PARK!



A LOT OF BIG COMPANIES
HAVE BEEN TRYING
TO DO THAT FOR YEARS,
BUT WHY ARE YOU TRYING?
YOU USUALLY WANT TO
DESTROY THE EARTH!

I HAVE
FOUND THAT
THERE IS MORE
PLEASURE IN CONTROL
THAN IN
DESTRUCTION.



BUT BEFORE THE BRAIN
CAN CONDEMN NOVA TO
DEATH, A MISSILE FLIES
TOWARD ITS DOME.

WHERE DID THAT
COME FROM?

BOOM!

ATMOSPHERE
ESCAPING... DYING...
WHO THREW THE WRENCH...
BEFORE I DIE
I WANT TO KNOW!

I GUESS
I'M GOING TO
OUTLIVE YOU
AFTER ALL.

I DID IT! I DID IT BECAUSE YOU TOOK MY TONGS AND CORRUPTED THEM, I DID IT BECAUSE YOU TRIED TO MAKE ME YOUR SLAVE BY GIVING ME A MACHINE IN THE IMAGE OF MY LOST DAUGHTER, I DID IT --TO-SAVE MY SANITY!



LIKE MOST VILLAINS, THE BRAIN HAD CAUSED ITS OWN DEFEAT BY PUSHING A DECENT MAN TOO FAR. BUT NOVA COULD NOT ENJOY THE TRIUMPH BECAUSE E-MAN WAS STILL AMONG THE MISSING.

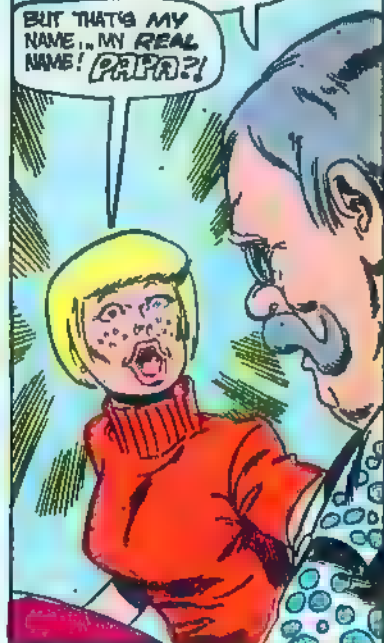
AS SOON AS I FIND E-MAN, WE'LL BE FLYING BACK TO NEW YORK. I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE GOING BACK TO YOUR SHACK.

NO, I WANT TO BE AMONG PEOPLE AGAIN.



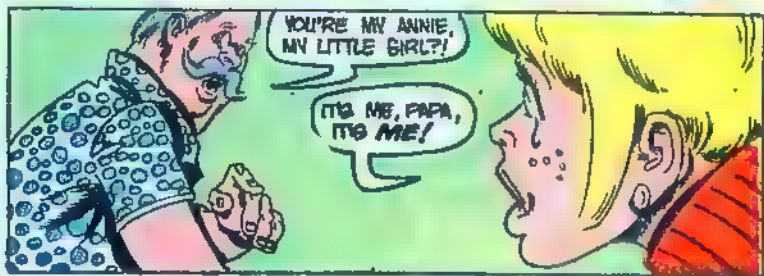
I ALSO WANT TO LOCATE MY DAUGHTER. SHE MUST BE ALL GROWN UP BY NOW... SO IF YOU EVER HEAR OF A GIRL BY THE NAME OF ROSEANN GILLETTI, LET ME KNOW.

BUT THAT'S MY NAME... MY REAL NAME! PAPA?!

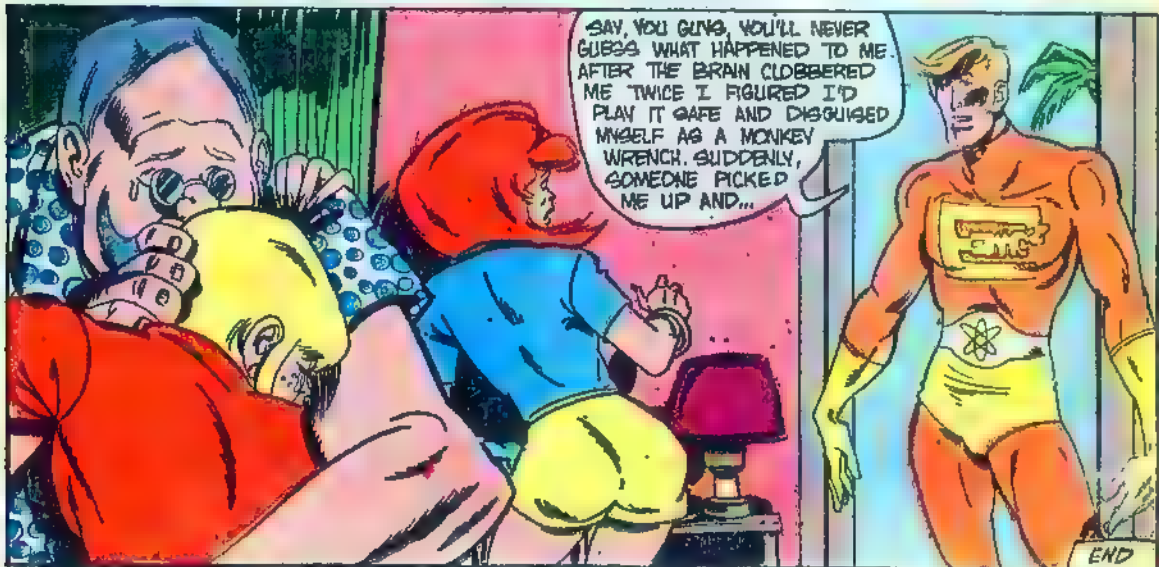


YOU'RE MY ANNIE, MY LITTLE GIRL?!

IT'S ME, PAPA, IT'S ME!



SAY, YOU GUNS, YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HAPPENED TO ME. AFTER THE BRAIN CLOBBERED ME TWICE I FIGURED I'D PLAY IT SAFE AND DISGUISED MYSELF AS A MONKEY WRENCH. SUDDENLY, SOMEONE PICKED ME UP AND...



SOMEWHERE IN THE HEART
OF NEW YORK IS THE ESTABLISHMENT
KNOWN AS DUFFY'S TAVERN.

WHAT DISTINGUISHES THIS PLACE
FROM THE OTHER SLEAZY MIDTOWN
BARS IS THAT IT ATTRACTS THE
MOST BIZARRE DWELLERS OF THE
INFAMOUS METROPOLIS...

ROG 2000!
WHERE HAVE YOU
BEEN KEEPING
YOURSELF?

LO DUFFY,
HAVE A SEAT,
MY DEAR,
AND I'LL GET
THE DRINKS.

HERE, AXE MURDERERS
PAUSE IN THEIR HACKING
TO DOWN A SHOT OF RUM...

...AND HERE ALSO CAME
ROG 2000 AND
THE LADY...

ROG 2000 IN

EDITOR: G. WILDMAN
SCRIPT: N. CUTI
ART: J. BYRNE

THAT WAS NO LADY

A SHIRLEY TEMPLE
FOR THE LADY, AND
AND THE USUAL FOR
ME...UH, EASY ON
THE MACHINE OIL.

THAT'S
QUITE A PRETTY
LADY YOU'VE GOT
THERE, ROG.

SHE'S PRETTY,
ALRIGHT, BUT SHE'S
NOT REALLY A LADY.
THERE'S A STRANGE
STORY BEHIND HER.
WANNA HEAR IT?

SURE DO,
LISTENING TO
STORIES IS PART
OF MY JOB.

"I WAS DRIVING MY CAB ALONG THE AMERICAS WHEN I GOT A CALL FROM MY DISPATCHER TO PICK UP A FARE ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE."

GOTCHA!
I'M ON MY WAY!

"AS HE GOT INTO MY CAB I NOTICED HE WASN'T DRESSED FOR THE WEATHER BECAUSE IT WAS A HOT, CLOUDLESS NIGHT."

THE BOWERY.

RIGHT.

THAT'S WEIRD. HE DIDN'T TELL WHERE ON THE BOWERY OKAY THE BOWERY IT IS.

"ALL THE WAY OVER HE DIDN'T SAY A WORD UNTIL I SAID..."

ARE YOU EXPECTING RAIN, BUDDY? THE RAINCOAT AND HAT MADE ME THINK OF A STORM.

A STORM, YES. BUT NOT A RAINSTORM! HA HA HA!

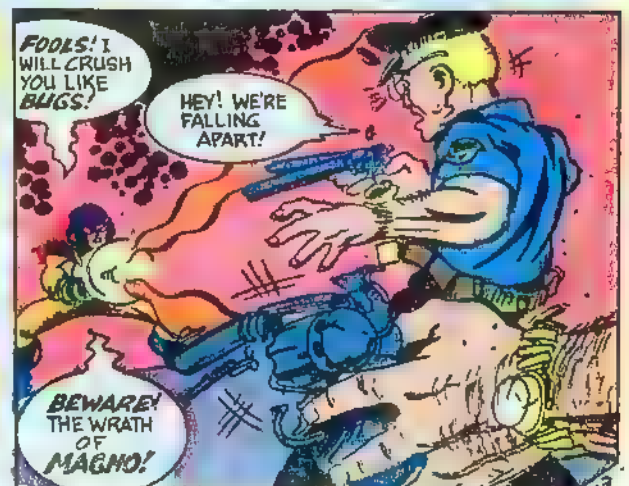
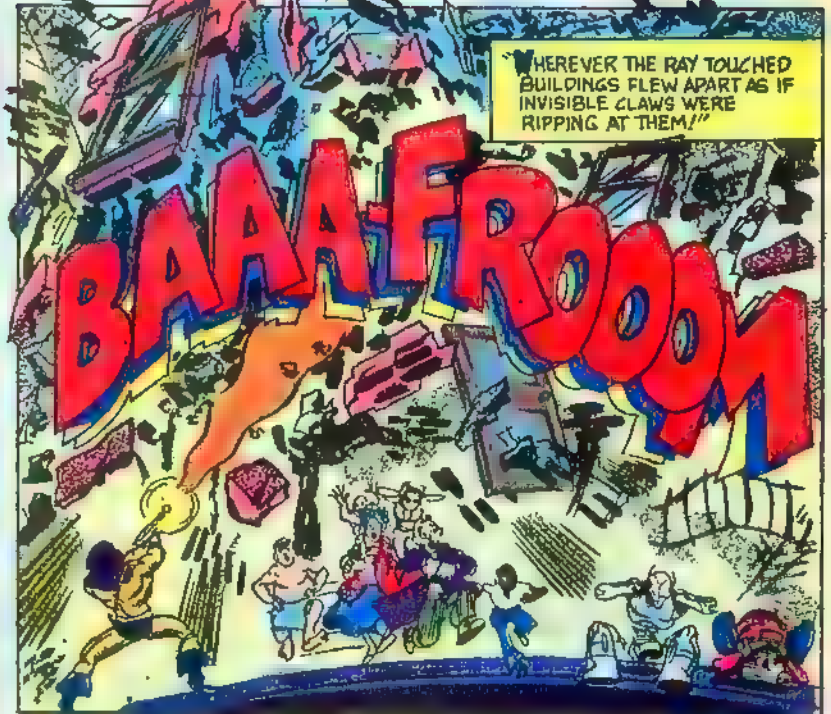
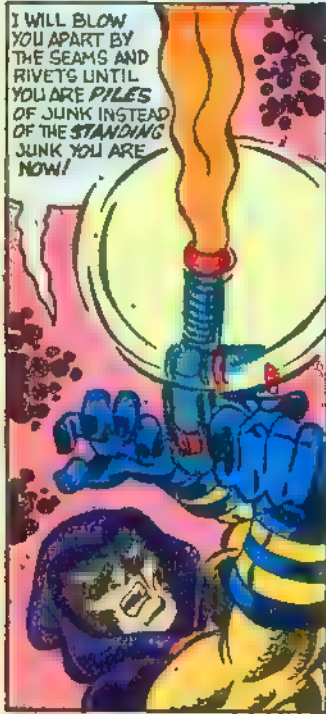
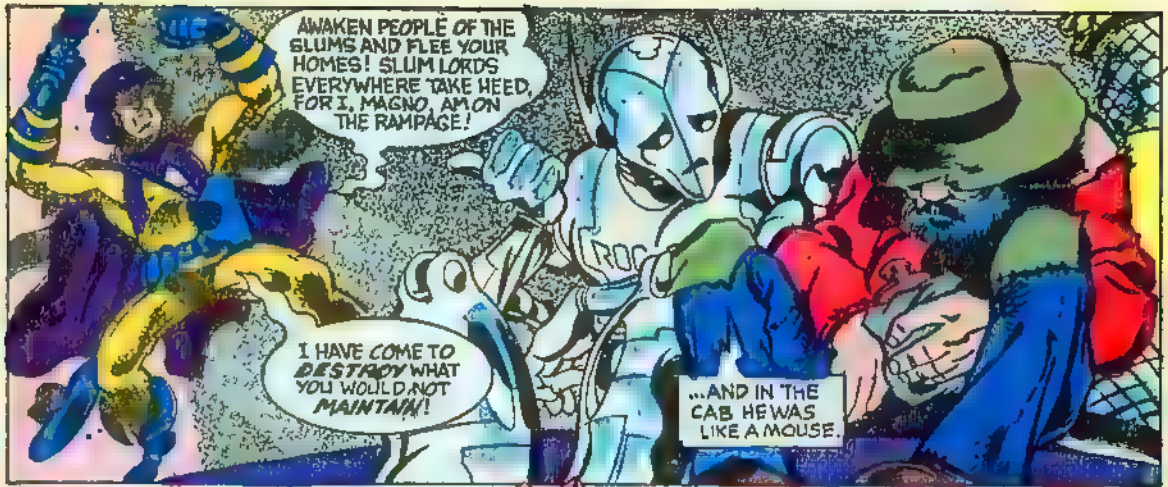
"WE LAUGHED NERVOUSLY FOR A WHILE, WHICH MADE ME NERVOUS, ESPECIALLY WHEN HE LEFT THE CAB WITHOUT PAYING."

HEY BUDDY, YOU OWE THE METER TWO TWENTY-SIX PLUS A TIP!

YOU ARE BEGINNING TO BORE ME!

I HATE TO BE BORED!

EEYOW! I'M GLAD HE'S JUST BORED WITH ME. I WOULDN'T WANT TO MAKE HIM MAD!



"I THEN DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING WHICH ANY NEW YORKER, IN HIS RIGHT MIND, WOULD NEVER DO. I GOT INVOLVED."

THIS JUNGLE NEEDS CLEANING BUT HIS METHODS ARE A BIT ROUGH.

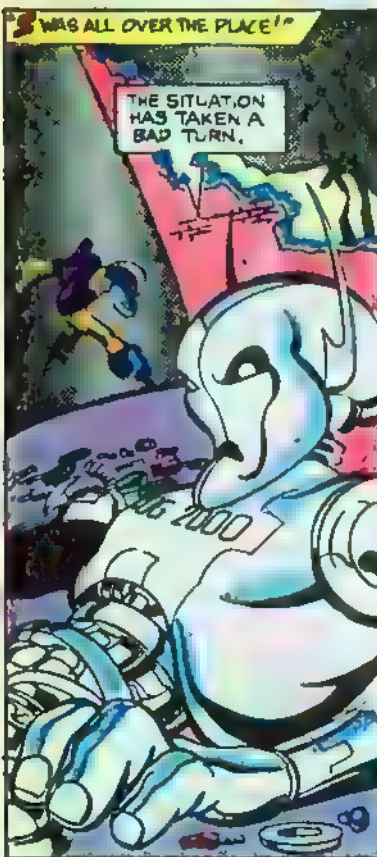
BUDDY, YOU'VE CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH THAT GUN, YOU'D BETTER GIVE IT TO ME.



DON'T YOU WISH YOU HADN'T SAID THAT?

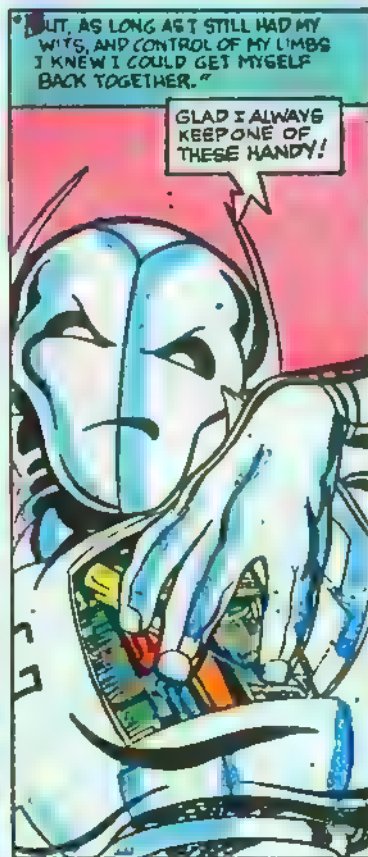


"MAN, DID HE GIVE IT TO ME!"



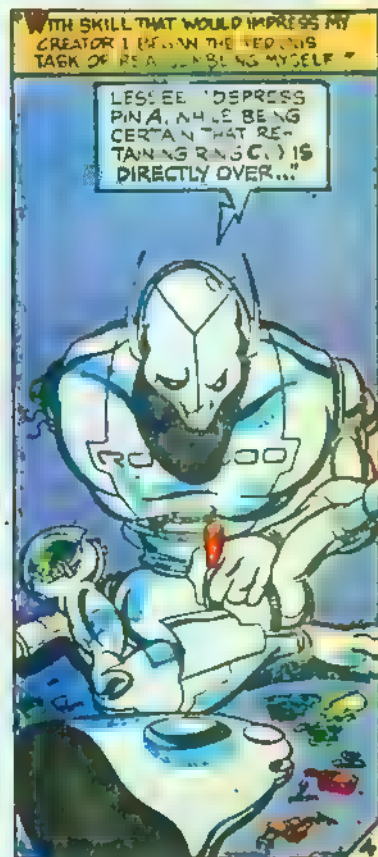
"I WAS ALL OVER THE PLACE!"

THE SITUATION HAS TAKEN A BAD TURN.



"BUT, AS LONG AS I STILL HAD MY WITS, AND CONTROL OF MY LIMBS I KNEW I COULD GET MYSELF BACK TOGETHER."

GLAD I ALWAYS KEEPEONE OF THESE HANDY!



WITH SKILL THAT WOULD IMPRESS MY CREATOR I KNEW THE REPAIRING TASK OF RE-ASSEMBLING MYSELF."

LESSER 'DEPRESS PIN A, WHILE BEING CERTAIN THAT RE-TIGHTENING C.) IS DIRECTLY OVER..."

THAT'S DONE.

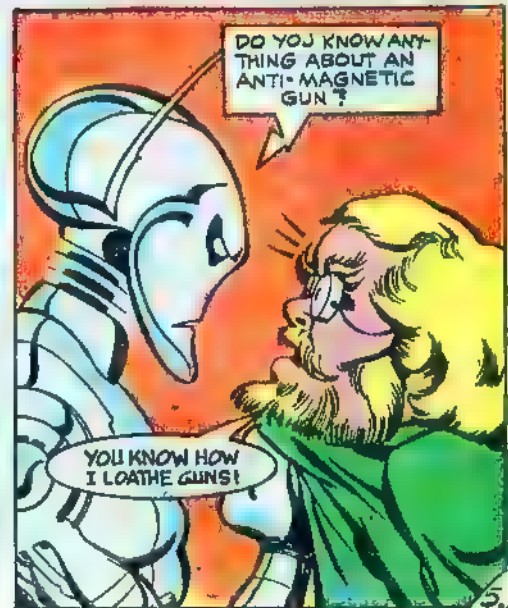
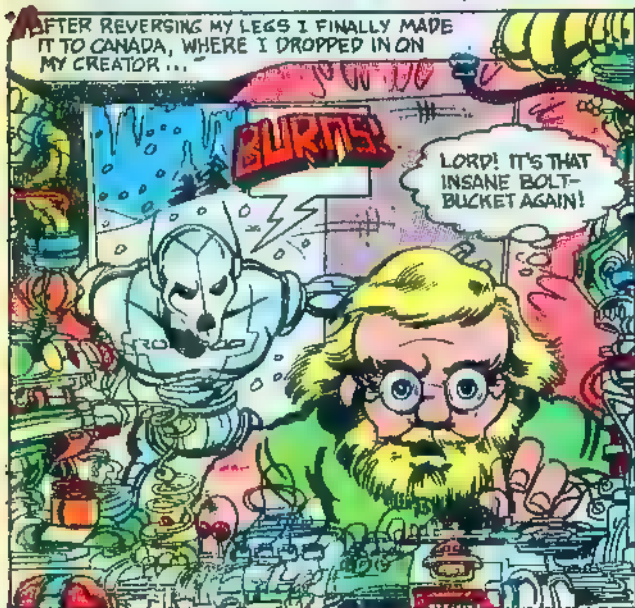
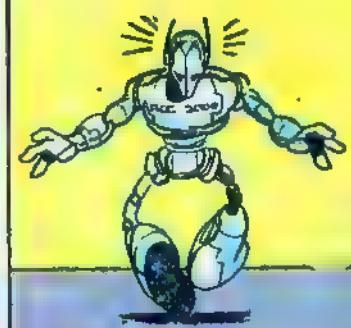
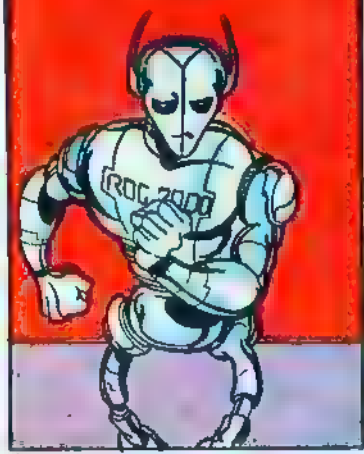
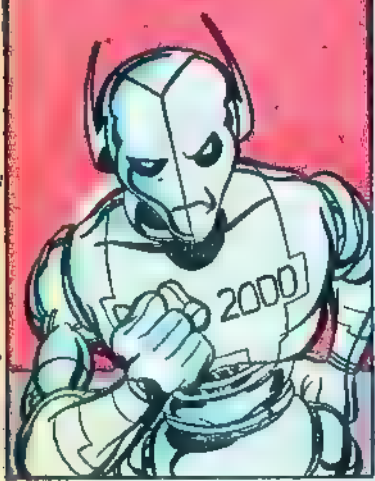
BUT BEFORE I TACKLE MAGNO AGAIN I'D BETTER GET SOME INFO ON HIS GUN FROM BURNS.

IF THAT JERK DIDN'T MAKE IT HIMSELF, HE'S SURE TO KNOW WHO DID.

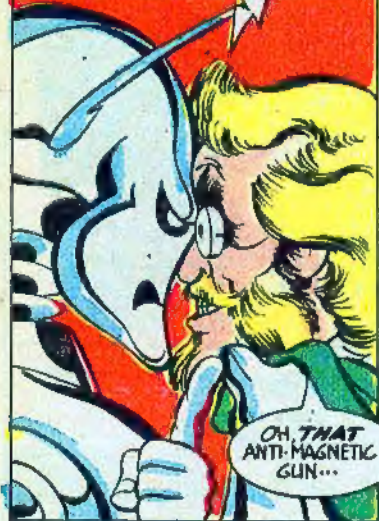
BURNS LIVES IN CANADA, WHICH IS STRAIGHT AHEAD.

...IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN WHY THE HECK AM I WALKING...

...IN THIS DIRECTION?



THIS GUN MAGNETIZES METAL SO THAT PARTS OF A MACHINE FLY OFF IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS. IT'S POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLOW THE RIVETS OUT OF STEEL GIRDERS.



OH THAT ANTI-MAGNETIC GUN...

YOU DID MAKE IT, YOU DUMB...

...TELL ME ABOUT IT.



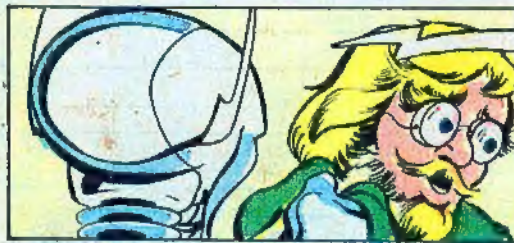
A MAN NAMED CHARLES MAGNO BOUGHT IT TO TAKE APART OLD BUILDINGS...

...IS MY FACE GETTING RED?

HE'S TAKING APART OLD BUILDINGS, ALRIGHT BUT THERE'S PEOPLE STILL IN THEM. IS THERE ANY WAY TO STOP THAT GUN?

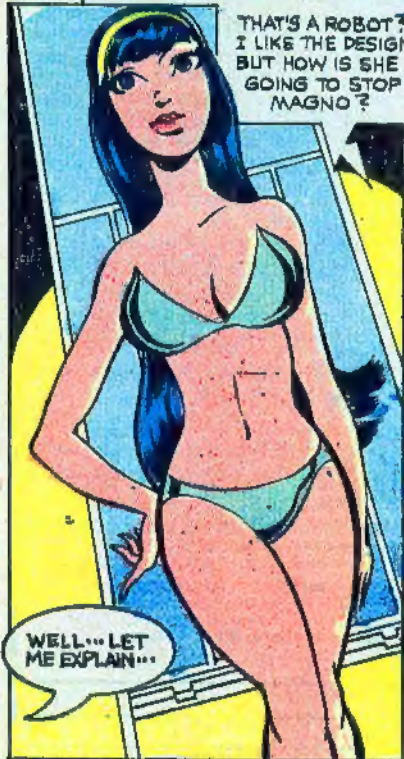


WELL, NO... EXCEPT MAYBE SYNTAC...



SYNTAC? WHAT'S A SYNTAC?

IT'S A NEW SORT OF ROBOT I'M WORKING ON. QUITE REVOLUTIONARY... AHH... THERE IT IS!



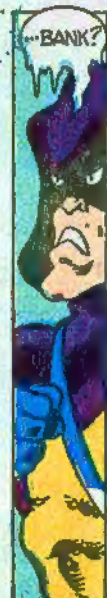
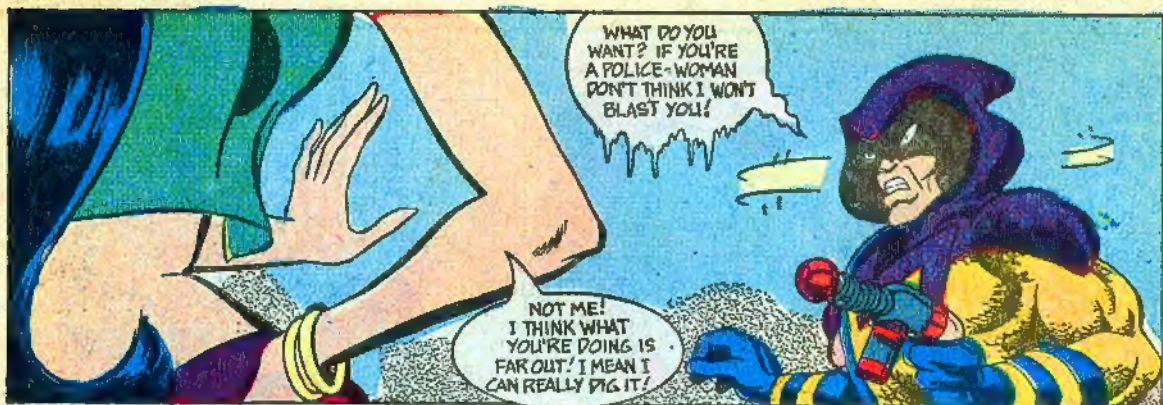
THAT'S A ROBOT? I LIKE THE DESIGN, BUT HOW IS SHE GOING TO STOP MAGNO?

WELL... LET ME EXPLAIN...



MEANWHILE, MAGNO HAD WORKED HIS WAY TO LEXINGTON AVENUE...

DIE! FILTH AND CORRUPTION! I SHALL SINK THIS ENTIRE ISLAND INTO THE OCEAN!



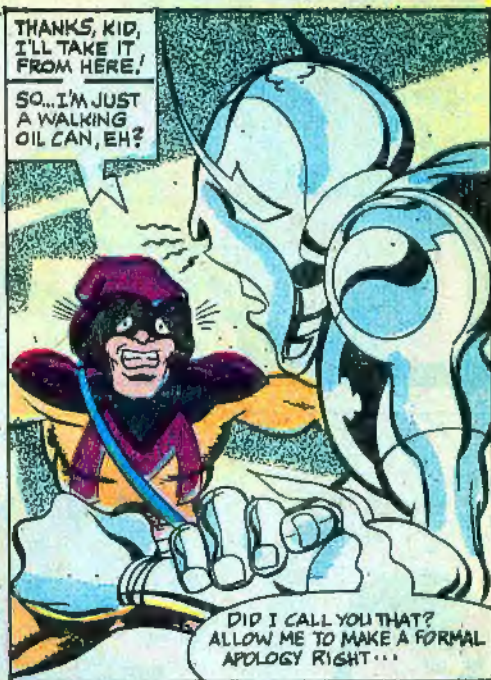


I THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR BECAUSE I HAD PLAYED MY HAND TOO SOON, BUT SYNTAC HAD ONE MORE TRICK UP HER SLEEVE...

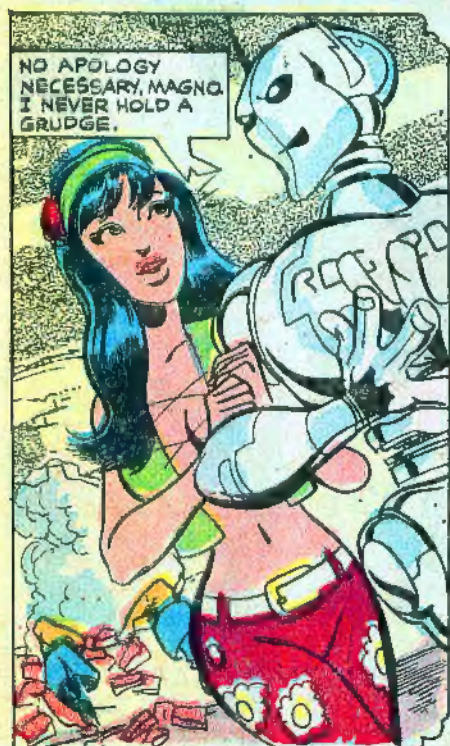
ONE FLASH OF HER BABY-BLUES AND IT WAS ALL OVER FOR MAGNO!

THANKS, KID, I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE!

SO...I'M JUST A WALKING OIL CAN, EH?



DID I CALL YOU THAT? ALLOW ME TO MAKE A FORMAL APOLOGY RIGHT...



NO APOLOGY NECESSARY, MAGNO. I NEVER HOLD A GRUDGE.



SHE'S REALLY SOMETHING, EVEN IF SHE AIN'T A LADY.

YEAH, BUT SO LONG AS SHE CAN DO THAT WE'RE JUST GOING TO BE GOOD FRIENDS.

END



OR, CAN CHARLTON CREATE THE NEXT COMICS REVOLUTION?

The following article is reprinted from "The New York Review of Comics and Books" with the kind permission of Steve Stern.

As editor and publisher of THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF COMICS & BOOKS, I thought I might immodestly and, perhaps a bit prematurely, inaugurate our first annual "Most Commendable Comic of the Year" competition. Inasmuch as my vote will be but one of many — ours being a truly democratic publication — I hereby and publicly cast my ballot for E-MAN.

This comic is one that truly dares to be different. It represents to me what may well come to be regarded as a milestone effort to bring a relatively sophisticated black-humor comic to the American market. As such — as an innovator — E-MAN may seem quite strange to those readers who choose not to look beyond the boundaries of the conventional. Need we recall that Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. was generally regarded as an "oddball science-fiction writer" when he came upon the literary scene many, many years ago. Today, of course, he is hailed as a genius, and his following is enormous. I mention Vonnegut here not only to urge for a more rapid acceptance of E-MAN, which will obviously be necessary if the comic is to flourish, but also because its entire conception — both story and art — reminds me of much of Vonnegut's writing, and that is not an altogether bad way to commence publication of a comic book.

The tone of the first three issues of E-MAN is suitably understated and on the "down" side. Author Nicola Cuti has a wonderful feel for subtle, sarcastic humor and underplayed, understated characterizations. Both of these are, generally, necessary elements of successful black humor. The other integral element is pointed satire; and I found it most strikingly evident in the third issue. The butt of the satiric joke in "The Energy Crisis" is, quite suitably, man's energy-greed and slovenliness. The story begins with harsh words: "Mother earth could no longer feed her wayward child. The delinquent juvenile had nearly drained its mother dry ... but wisdom and self-sacrifice could still save them both ... if mankind reacted to the crisis with maturity. If not ... the only way left was the depravity of the new Dark Ages." The villain of the issue, Samuel Boar, epitomizes all that is ugly in big business. "You see, E-MAN," he says matter-of-factly, "I've been buying and selling things and people nearly all my life, so when the power crisis hit I just did what I've always done, I bought people. They make an excellent power source. Of course, after a week or so they become used up and have to be replaced."

On a somewhat lighter side, I must admit that I'm infatuated with E-MAN's girl, Nova Kane. She is un-

questionable, in her language, dress and attitudes, the most liberated, free young woman in American comics. Imagine — a comic-book heroine who is a college student by day — and an exotic dancer by night! I admire Nova because she is well aware of the stresses and problems of modern-day life, and yet, amazingly and refreshingly, she manages to remain virtually hangup-free. When a total frump of a supporting character, private eye Mike Mauser — who looks like the mouse he is — offers E-MAN, alias Alec Tronn, a partnership, Nova erupts sassily: "Not a chance! He's a big, lovable guy and I want him to stay that way ... not become a cynical creep like you!" Says Mauser: "That's a tough little broad you've got there." Agreed.

E-MAN himself is as gentle a superhero as any you'll encounter. He is something of a hip Captain Marvel (Shazam variety). At the same time, he reminds me of Vonnegut's most finely drawn protagonist, Billy Pilgrim, in *Slaughterhouse Five*. The fact that E-MAN is not, literally, a man, but rather an energy being who can assume the form of a man, seems to me to add a gently cosmic undertone to each issue. E-MAN believes in getting the job at hand done; he does not get ruffled by any situation and is not long on verbiage.

I find Joe Staton's artwork for E-MAN quite fluid and sculptural. His object is satire, and he achieves it in almost perfect fashion. I could only ask for even more caricature than he has already given us, and the artistic task, as far as I am concerned, will be complete.

What we have, then, is a new comic from a long-dormant company which offers us a refreshing and needed change from the usual Marvel and DC offerings. E-MAN is, like Dr. Johnson, an "original." I will be watching him with high expectations. My vote has been cast.

We, the editor, writer, and artist of E-MAN, jointly thank Steve Stern for his fine article on our character. We also wish him luck with his publication which is put out by S-P Enterprises, 482 Lincoln Ave., Orange, New Jersey 07050, at \$.50 a copy.

CHARLTON PORTFOLIO: Containing articles and artwork on all Charlton super heroes and heroines and an UNPUBLISHED "BLUE BEETLE" STORY, is available through CPL/GANG Publications, 4010 Mallway Drive, Apartment A, Indianapolis, Indiana, 46236 at \$2.50 a copy.

Address all letters to the following, but please do not send us requests for the REVIEW or the PORTFOLIO:

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